

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 20, 1896, with transcript

Letter from Mrs Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C. March 20th., 1896. My dear Alec:

I am glad that you have received a budget of my letters because it seems as if you can not have received many before and yet I have written nearly every day. But you haven't read my letter carefully or you would not have scolded me about Dr. Gallaudet. It was not I but he himself who did the "cutting" — After what you said before leaving here, I was by no means sure how I should treat him and tried to avoid coming to a decision by not going to the Literary Society or other places where he was likely to be. I hadn't thought of his being in the Geographic and was entirely taken by surprise. It was utterly impossible for me to have bowed to Mr. Gallaudet in face of that cold unrecognizing direct stare even if I had wanted to. I think he did quite right in acting as he did after my letter but whether he did so out of a kind and generous wish to spare me the difficulty of not recognizing him or whether as Aileen suggested he thus took a bit of a revenge by cutting me first himself. I do not know. But this I do know, that Dr. Gallaudet himself made it impossible for me to bow to him. It is not rude not to bow to a person who looks as if he knew who you were but did not have the honor of your acquaintance and did not desire it.

I have just had a present of a text box or Ponosteneography from the Author who in a footnote refers to my Atlantic Monthly paper and says it should be read by all Steneographers as what I say of context applies to them. Mamma and I went to Baltimore and engaged Mamma's room in the hospital for Monday. The operation will be performed 2 Tuesday, she is very well and bright and did not seem a bit tired tonight. Is it not strange and sad that what you have always dreaded has come to pass. Carrie Blatchford is again in the Insane Asylum. It is very sad. She is dying of consumption and one day they thought

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she would not live through the night but the disease seems to have gone to her head so that two trained nurses could not control her, and they had to take her to the Asylum. Cousin Mary fell on the ice and broke her wrist. I telegraphed her a few days ago that I would go on whenever she wanted me. I feel so sorry for them all.

Good night, come back to me soon, Yours ever, Mabel.